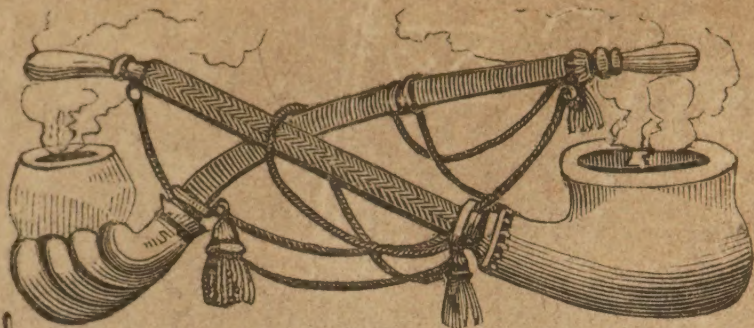




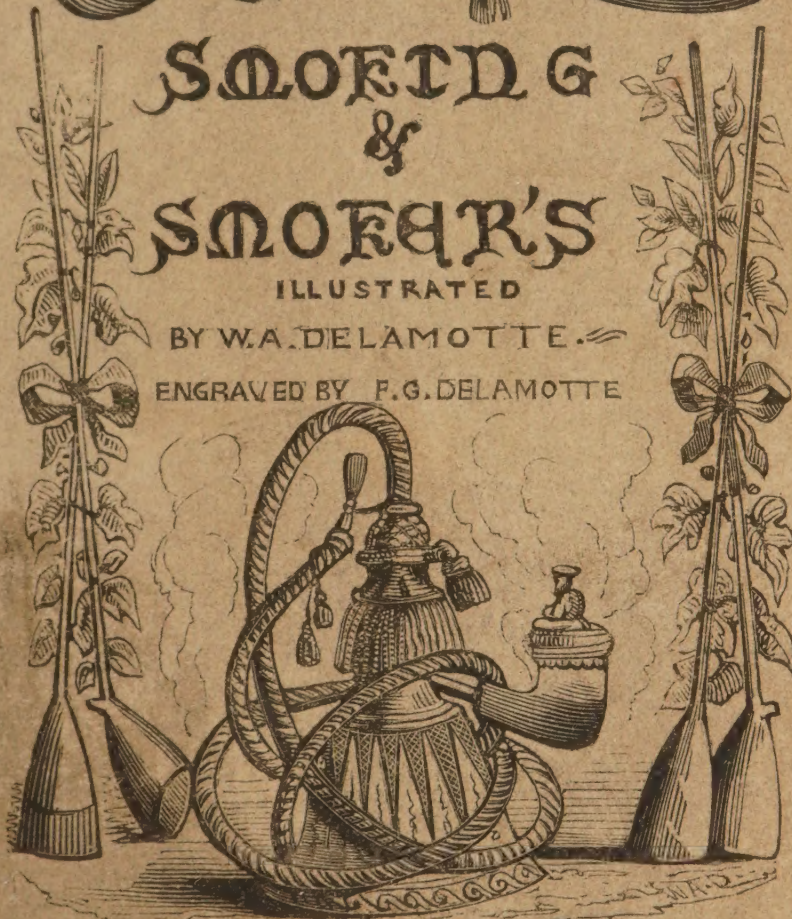
SMOKING
&

SMOKER'S

ILLUSTRATED

BY W.A. DELAMOTTE.

ENGRAVED BY F.G. DELAMOTTE



JOSEPH BAKER,

CIGAR MERCHANT, DEALER IN MEERCHAUMS, &c.

110, CHEAPSIDE.

1845.

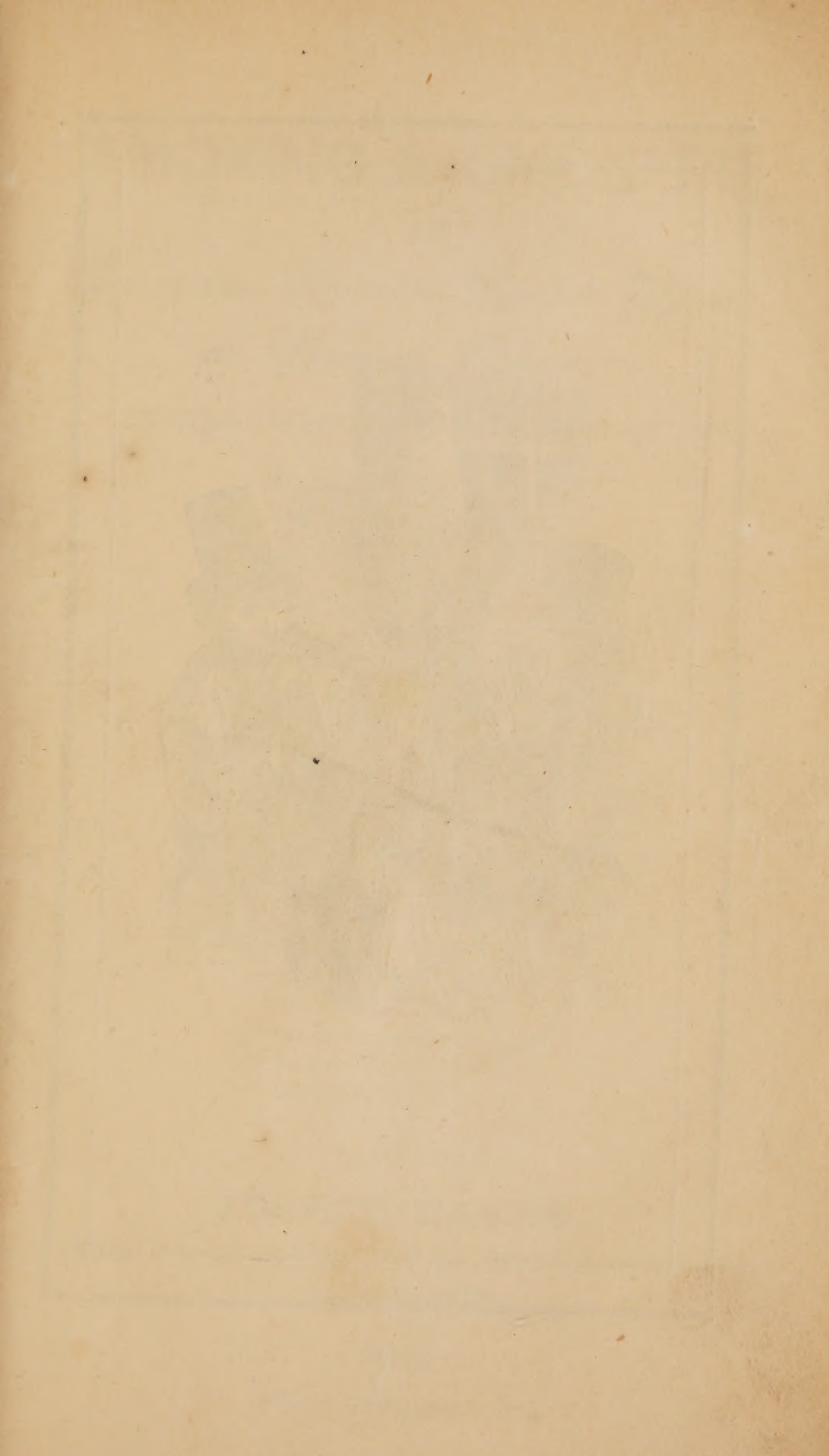
Price Two Shillings.

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Smoking





SMOKING & SMOKERS,

AN

Antiquarian, Historical, Comical, Veritable,
and Narcotical Disquisition,

WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED, & ENGRAVED BY



“To βακκε”

“Omnia Fumus Erunt.”

“Sublime Tobacco.”—BYRON.

“Qui vivra, fumera.”

LONDON:

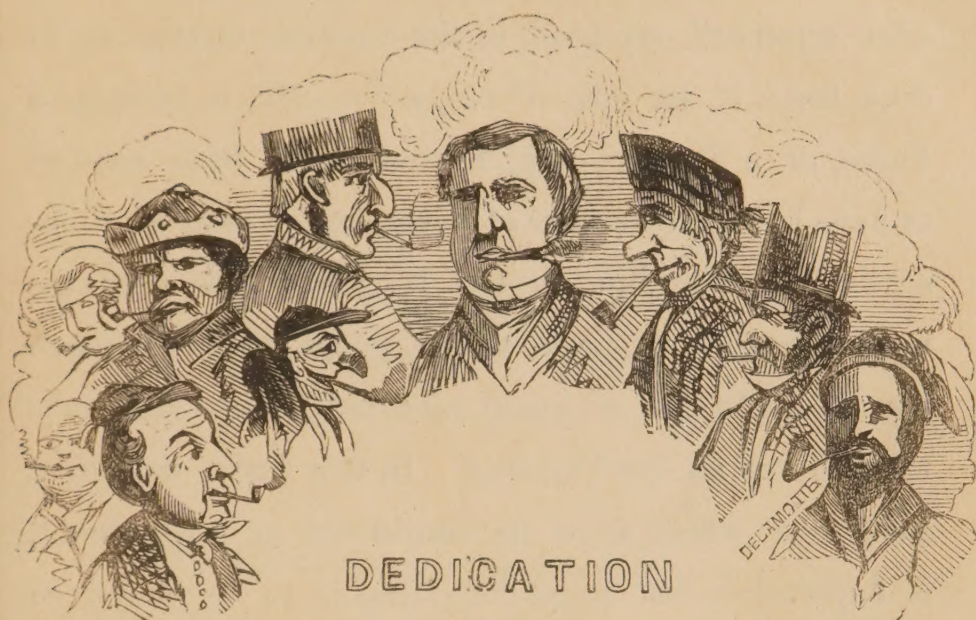
JOSEPH BAKER,

Cigar Merchant, Dealer in Meerschaums, etc.

110, CHEAPSIDE.

1845.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.



To the World of Smokers.



GLORIOUS people! Smokers! And whoever talks of smokers talks of a world of intellect. It is to you that I dedicate this Book—the glowing offspring of my long-watchings—my deep thought—my great experience. I have sought, as many others have done before me, for something which I could leave behind me, by which I may be remembered when I am departed. I

have had my ambition—my feelings of vanity. I have often scratched my head in the fruitless endeavour to draw from it an epic Poem, a Tragedy, a Drama, a Farce, or a Novel,—nay, I would have been content to have been the founder of some new system of philosophy. Nothing has come of it; and I have seen the nothingness of all these things, about which so much fuss is made, and of which nine out of ten sink into the tomb of all the Capulets. In this world, the great thing, that which must be considered as pre-eminent, is happiness—and great happiness is to be found in Tobacco, and from Tobacco.

“ Life is but a summer’s day,
So let’s *puff* all care away;
With the fragrant weed, and a yard of clay.”

Now I should like to ask, and this by the way is my ——

P R E F A C E.

— FOR whom were created and sent into this world Homer, Plato, Virgil, Aristotle, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Shakspeare, Racine, Corneille, Moliere, and all the whole clique of poets who have filled the human heart with imagination and visions of beauty;—for a certain number of the elect, who are as tiresome to themselves as they are tedious to others? The masses remain with their appetites—their desires the same. But Tobacco came, a new religion from which there is no dissent; it has levelled all ranks, and already miracles have become apparent. The West need no longer envy the East—so proud of its opium. The body suffers it is true—it will still suffer—it will always suffer; but imagination marches abroad; and to dream or to drown thought, we need no longer sleep. It has been said, that when

a man is not happy, he should turn philosopher. Bah !
 The axiom is stupid, fallacious, nonsensical. When a
 man is not happy, he should smoke ; and I'll prove it.



But first and foremost, I must, after the manner of
 ancient bards, invoke my muse—

“ Oh thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns—
 Tobacco ! fountain pure of limpid truth,
 That looks the very soul ; whence pouring thought
 Swarms all the mind ; absorpt is yellow care,
 And at each puff imagination burns—
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
 Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
 And glazed magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill,
 Then rudely ramm'd illume

With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet
 Mark'd with Lennoxian Lore ; forth issue clouds,
 Thought thrilling—thirst inciting clouds around
 And many mining fires ; I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 Oh be thou still, my great inspirer, thou
 My muse ; oh fan me with thy zephyr's boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song."

'Tis done ! The muse has inspired her votary ! And
 now to begin ——



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CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF TOBACCO,

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MAKES HIS BOW AS A HISTORIAN
AND AN ANTIQUARY.



THE great events of History are not wars and revolutions, which only interest a certain class of society, and exhibit humanity in a turbulent and sanguinary point of view; I would rather hear, speak, or read, of those great and complete changes, brought about in social life by inventions and discoveries which influence customs, morals, and indi-

vidual happiness. If it were necessary to establish a parallel between two great names—I do not wish to

force other people into my way of thinking — but for my part, I should prefer to Napoleon, who revolutionized all the kingdoms of the European continent, the simple inventor of Congreve matches, which have revolutionized all the fire-places in the whole world. The former, at all events, failed to carry his arms into our own little island—the trophies of the latter are in every cottage. The former is now but an object of curiosity, or, at most, of an envious admiration; while in the present day there is scarcely a man, from the prince to the peasant, who can light his candle without bestowing a thought on the great citizen who first gave the death-blow to the flint, steel, and tinder-box—those inveterate enemies of the fingers of all gentlemen and ladies who used them.

This preamble, which may appear to some beside the question before us, has no other end, dear reader, than to make you understand, that the year 1586, in which Tobacco was first introduced into our “nice little, tight little island,” is one of the most memorable in our annals. I know that there are certain historians who would wish to persuade their readers that the celebrity of this date, 1586, is due to the success of our arms against the Spaniards — to the misfortunes and trial of the lovely Mary of Scots; but is it, I would ask, reasonable to attach more importance to miserable political intrigues and trumpery quarrels—the former of which were terminated by the sacrifice of a young and lovely woman—than to the advent of Tobacco—the comforter

of so many wretched beings—the father of so many golden dreams;—of Tobacco—the sovereign ruler of modern society?

Sixty years before this period, the Spaniards in their wanderings had observed, for the first time, the marvellous use which was made of this plant amongst the savages of Tobago, who, from their confirmed smoking propensities, must have been jolly dogs. It was Hernandez, of Toledo, who attached his name to this immense discovery. From there the secret spread to Spain and Portugal, where the leaves of tobacco were smoked from hollow reeds, mixed with myrrh, aloes, and a hundred other odoriferous substances. It was from thence that Jean Nicot, lord of Villemaine, ambassador from France to Portugal, a wise man, who wrote a large French and Latin Dictionary, sent the first tobacco leaves to Catherine de Medici, in the form of snuff.



This was in 1560. In England, on the contrary, it did not make its appearance, as we have already said, till 1586. The merit of its introduction is generally given to Sir Walter Raleigh; but Camden, the antiqua-

rian, says, that Sir Francis Drake and his companions, on their return from Virginia in 1586, were the first, as far as he knew, who brought it here—having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion. “And from the time of their return,” says he, “it immediately began to grow into very general use, and to bear a high price; a great many persons, some from luxury, and others for their health, being wont to draw in the strong smelling smoke with insatiable greediness through an earthenware tube, and then to puff it forth again through their nostrils, so that tobacco taverns are now as generally kept in all our towns, as wine-houses or beer-houses.” But whoever it was who introduced it, I care not,—all glory to him, say I, whether Raleigh or Drake!

In the same manner, as in former times a whole host of towns disputed the honour of having given birth to Achilles and Ulysses,—a thousand rivals disputed who should give their name to the new comer. Nicot was the first claimant, and with justice, for he first brought it into the civilized world; but the name of *Nicotiana* did not remain long in connection with our beloved leaf. It only remains in botanical books, where we still read, *Nicotiana Tabacum*. Catherine de Medici was ambitious in her turn of the glory of giving her name to the plant of Jean Nicot, and see how great would have been her fortune had she succeeded. The name of Queen's, or Medician Weed, would have at this day been in every mouth, and tobacco would have served more to immortalize the woman than all her

Italian policy; but to give a name, even to a mere top-knot, one must be popular: and from this cause it was, that Catherine de Medici was conquered by tobacco. After her, the primate of France of the house of Lorraine was for a time in vogue, and tobacco was called "*Herbe du grande Prieux*." Afterwards it received the names of Sainte Croix, and Tornaboni, from two Italian Cardinals who had taken it under their protection, and who introduced it into Italy under the name of "Sacred Plant." The Americans of Yutacan, from whom it had been stolen, gave to tobacco the name of Petun—under which title it was for a long while known. Indeed, in a document of the date of 1758, it is stated, that PETUN was sold at a crown a pound. But of all these rival denominations, tobacco has been finally triumphant. It is derived both from the island of Tobago—the locality in which Hernandez made his discovery, and from Tobaccos, which was the name of the little hollow reeds from which the Spaniards smoked. But the name was, comparatively speaking, nothing; it was its use which required to be determined.

Alas! as the historian of Tobacco, I feel the blood mount indignantly to the roots of my hair, as I write. Strange! nay, almost incredible, if it were not authenticated by men the most worthy of credit,—tobacco, the necessary auxiliary to all pleasure and harmony,—tobacco, so cozy an addition to a friendly gossip, combining so pleasantly with a cool glass of punch in summer, and a steaming ditto in winter—tobacco, was at

first a —— medicine ! It is a heartrending thing to read of the ridiculous uses to which it was applied by the ignorant crowd of physicians, and the ignoble transformations to which it was subjected by the pestles and mortars of bygone apothecaries. But I am a man of nerve, and I must bring my mind to exhibit the sad picture to thee, candid reader, who, when thou dost speak of tobacco, dost but think of it as a cigar, or in a well-coloured pipe. It may be well that the present generation of smokers should know, once for all, what have been the aberrations of medicine ; and, without having any wish to sow the seeds of discord between different classes of society, we are not sorry to be enabled to inform the estimable corporation of tobacconists, that once on a time they had apothecaries for associates. Let them remember, however, as a consolation, that surgeons were then in league with barbers.

When once this herb of a hundred names was in the hands of what we should now call the scientific world, the savants endeavoured, in a hundred different ways, to make it, *nolens volens*, play the part of cassia or senna. They forced it down the throats of unfortunate invalids, whom it cured or killed by hazard ; and in this, perhaps, there was nothing altogether unworthy of it, unless, it was the affront offered to it by sticking it in a prescription between a lavement and a bleeding. But refinement was brought to bear upon it. Distilled waters were made from it, and oils by infusion and distillation, syrups, ointments, and a host of other messes. It was actually converted into poultices. Ap-

plied to the body warm, the leaves of tobacco were in those days considered to be a sovereign remedy against palsy, rheumatism, venemous bites, tumours, and sores. Boiled in vinegar, or incorporated in fats and ointments, they could cure cutaneous diseases. The oil of tobacco was a specific against tooth-ache. The syrup of tobacco ! (just imagine for a moment what syrup of tobacco must have been,) the syrup of tobacco was to strive with asthmas and diseases of the chest, and was said to cure the most obstinate coughs. Add to this the most whimsical theories, the most foolish antipathies, and you will have some idea of the degradation into which tobacco was precipitated by the herd of practitioners. A certain fellow, named Pauli, pretended that the smoking of tobacco rendered the brain black. Borley, another wise-acre, went further still : he wrote to Bartholin, and told him that a patient of his had so dried up his brain by the immoderate use of tobacco, that at his death they only found a little black substance in his scull composed of membranes. The friends of tobacco did not leave these attacks without reply. Treatises on both sides were hurled from the press, and there was as much fuss made about the matter, as there is in the present day about mesmerism. More than 100 volumes were printed on this occasion ; and as there is always a German to be found who can give you a specimen of erudition on any subject, a German has absolutely preserved the titles of these hundred volumes, with the names of their authors. I subjoin here a few of them for the edification of the curious, and a pretty lot they are,—Magnen,

Thorius, Simon Paul Schrover, Jean Libaldus, Baruz-tien, Marradon, Scriverieus. To this list, already sufficient to give to tobacco a great and everlasting name, we must add the name of our own pedantic monarch James the First, who honored tobacco by writing a huge treatise upon it, intituled, a "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Here, dear reader, is a specimen of royal folly—"It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." James the First wrote against tobacco—posterity must know it. It is another charge against this heartless, soulless prince, who never thought of revenging his mother, and who turned pale at the sight of a sword.

But as I have given a quotation from the furious tirade of the weak prince, I cannot avoid adding a more proper one from the writings of another author of the period, who dared the lion in his den, the monarch on his throne.

"Much meat doth Gluttony procure,
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed,
That on a *leaf* can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe."

But it was not merely with these paper warriors that tobacco had to contend: after a time, the smoking of

tobacco appears to have met with strenuous opposition in high places, in all parts of Europe. Its principal opponents were the priests, the physicians and the sovereign princes; by the former its use was declared sinful, and in 1684, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church! This bull was renewed in 1690, by Pope Innocent, and about twenty-nine years afterwards the Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking a capital offence. For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off; and in some parts of Switzerland it was likewise made a subject of public prosecution—the police regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the Ten Commandments, immediately under that against adultery.

But despite this kingly and priestly wrath—despite its absurd applications and furious opponents—tobacco has made its way in the world, and its use has extended far and wide. There were some bold spirits who dared all the anger of those in high places, and I know of nothing more heroical—more independent—more haughty, than Jean Bart, lighting—and, what is more, smoking — his pipe, in the very presence of Louis XIV.

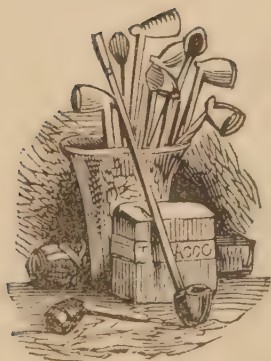
Had I the time and space, I could say much concerning this trait of greatness of soul;—Diogenes begging Alexander to get out of the light, and the Greek, who told Dionysius the tyrant, to send him to the quarries, was nothing to the Corsair of St. Malo. All

glory to Jean Bart! it was he who gave to France the first example of the man daring the majesty of the sovereign.



Well, it would be but a fruitless, and moreover a tedious task, to trace the further history of tobacco, suffice it to say, that now it is perhaps the most universal luxury—enjoyed in common by the African negro—the unclothed and houseless wanderer of Australia—the hardy American Indian—the slothful Asiatic, and every class of people throughout the more polished countries of Europe. And so I will close this delectable history with a noble burst of eloquence from a modern author, Percy St. John;—"Tobacco! scoffed at and slighted by the fastidious who dwell in towns, and know not the perils of the wilds—who are unaware of the sufferings from wet, cold, and hunger the traveller endures—is certainly one of the greatest physical blessings given by God to mortality. In all parts of the world its use, in moderation, is conducive to health and tranquillity of mind, but in the wilderness it often saves the life of man.

It allays hunger—it counteracts the effects of miasma arising from swamp and morass—and to the solitary wanderer, it serves the purpose of conversation and companionship —.”



CHAPTER II.

STATISTICS OF TOBACCO—WHEREIN THE AUTHOR EMULATES
JOSEPH HUME.



THE universal indulgence in the luxury of tobacco was too good an opportunity for governments to let slip. In France, the state enjoys a monopoly in the manufacture. In England, it contents itself with taxation—and to a pretty good tune—since about three

millions sterling of the public revenue is derived from the consumption of tobacco in this country. Indeed tobacco yields a larger amount of revenue than any other commodity, with the exception of tea and sugar.

Since the year 1789, the duty has fluctuated from fifteen pence to four shillings the pound. At present it

is as follows:—For unmanufactured tobacco, three shillings per pound; manufactured tobacco or cigars, nine shillings a pound. From the last returns we find, that the quantity of tobacco retained for home consumption, was as follows:—Of leaf tobacco, 20,626,800 lbs, the duty on which amounted to £3,090,782. 12s. 2d.;—of manufactured tobacco and cigars, 143,868 lbs. realising a duty of £64,726. 8s. 5d. To show the enormous increase in the consumption of tobacco, we subjoin the following table:—

YEAR.	CONSUMPTION.	DUTY.		
		£.	s.	d.
1789	8,152,185 lbs.	408,037	4	2
1800	11,796,415 lbs.	987,110	8	8
1810	14,108,193 lbs.	1,679,912	2	2
1820	13,016,562 lbs.	2,610,272	7	9
1830	15,170,719 lbs.	2,309,287	0	0

There, reader, rejoice with me! To consume this quantity, what a goodly fellowship of smokers there must be. There are some other restrictions on tobacco. It is prohibited to be imported in vessels under 120 tons, and to be exported in vessels under 70 tons; and the only places allowed for import are—London, Liverpool, and a few other principal ports.

While I am on this subject, I cannot avoid indulging the reader's curiosity concerning the manner in which the duty is received. From the vessel in which the hogsheads of tobacco are imported, they are conveyed to the Tobacco Warehouse of the London Docks, immense buildings containing whole tiers of hogsheads, stretching away in every direction as far as the eye can

reach. The whole are under one roof, and there are frequently as many as twenty thousand hogsheads, averaging twelve hundred pounds of tobacco each !

Those who are unacquainted with customs' and excise regulations, may perhaps feel desirous of knowing why this enormous quantity of tobacco is kept in one place. The duty, as will be seen from what I have already said, is large ; but this duty is not demanded, so long as the tobacco remains at the docks, where it is considered to be *in bond*, or under the care of the state, and cannot be removed thence till the duty is paid. A small *rent* is demanded during the time it remains in the warehouse. Permission is given for the transference of samples from hand to hand, but the bulk of the tobacco must remain until the demands of the state are satisfied. If by any circumstance the whole, or a portion of a hogshead of tobacco become injured previous to its arrival at the docks, the owner would rather lose it altogether, than pay the enormous duty upon it. The state does not compel the damaged portion to be released from bond, but allows it to be burned under the direction of its own officers, without any duty having been paid upon it. This is effected in a huge kiln of a circular form, which is, jocularly enough, termed, "The Queen's Tobacco-pipe!" The greater part of the tobacco is thus consumed ; but an ash remains, which is from time to time drawn out of the furnace, and thrown into some bins or troughs at the side. These ashes are by no means valueless ; they are sold as a manure, for

which they possess good qualities,—one ton of ashes being used to manure four acres of ground.

We are continually hearing would-be legislators cry aloud for the reduction of the duty on tobacco. The expediency or in expediency of this, in a fiscal point of view, it is no part of my purpose to discuss; certes I should have no objection to see tobacco cheaper, not for the reason that I should inhale one whiff the more, but for the benefit of my poorer fellow-smokers.



CHAPTER III.

TOBACCO—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

CONTAINING A LITTLE USEFUL ADVICE TO THE READER.



My object, dear reader, in this Manual, is not only to exhibit the depth of my own researches concerning Tobacco—to immortalize myself, as I premised at the outset—but also to acquaint you with the whole mystery of the art of smoking,—to plunge you deeply into its lore, and to give you the vast benefit derivable from my lengthened experience, and that of other sages who have flourished before me.

“’Tis advice for a king
I am going to sing,
As you’ll find, ere I come to a close.”

Always purchase your tobacco in a quantity, if you can. Not only does the weed keep better so, but it is

cheaper. Thus a person purchasing a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, pays dearer for it in proportion than the individual who invests in a whole ounce, for he loses the fraction of a halfpenny, which, in a constant succession of purchases, amounts up. "Many a little makes a mickle," says the adage; and by an elaborate calculation I have made, I find that the man who purchases a quarter of an ounce of tobacco three times a week, is the loser of half-a-pound at the year's end; and heaven preserve you, reader, from ever losing half-a-pound of tobacco.

Above all things, eschew those wretched abortions which are termed *screws*, whose denomination is in every respect most appropriate, since they contain something less than half their proper quantity; and if in addition to this, the quality of the tobacco of which they are generally composed be taken into consideration, the loss sustained is absolutely frightful to contemplate.

In the many rambles to which my erratic genius drives me, it is my constant custom to select one of the good, old-fashioned, venerable wayside houses, wherein to rest my wearied feet, and refresh mine inward man. I have constantly observed in the quiet parlours of these country houses a square metal box, with a curious aperture at the top, close to which will be apparent some such quaint couplet as the following,

"Drop a brown into the hole,
Touch the spring, and fill your bowl."

As a matter of curiosity, it may be well to try this system for once ; but as a general thing, it should be as carefully avoided as the screw, for it is even attended with a greater loss.

Once more, reader, buy your tobacco in quantity, and carry it with you in your rambles, and then you will never have to fear the *screw*.



CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF TOBACCO.



THE various kinds of Tobacco ordinarily used for smoking, owe their different qualities to many different circumstances; some depending on the kind of leaf—some on the colour of the leaf—some on the retention of the stalk—some on the extent to which the leaf is liquored—and some on the relative fineness of the fibres into which it is cut. *Birdseye* is produced by cutting up the stalk, together with the leaf—a plan never adopted with any other form of tobacco. *Returns* is made of the lightest coloured leaf selected from the hogshead, and this light colour is preserved by caution in the subsequent arrangements. A considerable quantity of water in the process of liquoring has a tendency to darken the leaf, as has likewise an excessive amount of pressure when in the form of cake; by using a small

amount both of moisture and pressure, therefore, the lightness of the colour of Returns is preserved. *Shag* owes its quality to different circumstances ; the first of which is the choice of the darkest coloured leaves from the hogshead. In the subsequent processes, the tobacco is well liquored, and screwed down in the press with great force. *Shag* is subdivided into two sorts, fine and common—the chief difference between which is in the diameter of the fibres into which the leaves are cut. Many of the names by which tobacco is known were given from the places whence it was brought, and from other circumstances, having but little reference to the quality of the tobacco. “Oronoko” is a name given from the South American River of that designation. *Kanaster*, or *Canaster*, was originally given in America to baskets of rushes or cane, in which they put the tobacco sent to Europe, and hence the designation of *Kanaster* tobacco was given to the leaves imported in those baskets. At present, the two kinds known by these names are manufactured from the best leaf, generally from Havannah. *Oronoko* is cut finely, somewhat similar to the best *Shag*, but “*Kanaster*” is much coarser. This forms the chief difference between the two kinds, the quality and preparation of the leaves being, in other respects, about equal.

A pleasant mixture for smoking in a meerschaum may be composed of half an ounce of *Canaster*, a quarter of an ounce of *Cavendish*, and a little negro-head, cut up in the mixture and rendered predominant

or not, according to palate. Where the fumes of the tobacco are obnoxious to the company, it is worth while to know, that a small quantity of dried lavender crumbled into the bowl of the pipe will diffuse a most grateful fragrance, and this without injury to the flavour of the tobacco beneath.

But of all the tobaccos in general use, commend me to the best Shag. Every smoker who respects his name as one of the fraternity, will let those which are generally called the superior sorts, be. In commencing the pipe, perhaps Shag will at first be too strong, and to the pupil, we should therefore first recommend the Turkish tobacco; from this he may proceed to use Maryland, mixed with a third of its bulk of Shag, and thence climb up to Shag itself. The *York River* variety is unquestionably the best. All the foreign sorts with fine names are, in my opinion, worthless. Virginian tobacco, which bites your tongue and parches your throat—Varina, which smells like dust—Levant tobacco, whose undecided taste serves only to tickle your palate—Oronoko, destitute of all that should render smoking pleasurable or beneficial, are not worth a moment's consideration. Returns, or Birdseye, I would permit; indeed I know a very estimable smoker who uses nothing but the latter form of weed. But whatever you use, mind it must be the best of the kind.

In the course of a stormy life, during which I have visited many shores and sojourned in many lands, tra-

versed many countries, seen many men, and smoked many tobaccos, I have come to the firm conclusion, that the best Shag tobacco (York River, mind) is really the best and most economical.

But it may be asked me, What tobacco should be smoked in preference and for a continuance ?

I have long and maturely reflected on this delicate and subtle question, and I think I have found out a reply which will satisfy everybody.

Were I a court lady, I might say, the best tobacco was that smoked by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Were I an exquisite, or a mere fashionable smoker, I should select the mildest.

If I were indifferent on the matter, I should make reply, The best tobacco is that which you like best.

But this is not the question, and such a subject must be treated with caution and wisdom. Generally speaking, the habits of men are the results of the circumstances by which they are surrounded. Let me explain. The inhabitant of the north will prefer a strong tobacco ; he of the tropics, more sensual and more effeminate, will choose a mild and aromatic tobacco. All intermediate appetites are but perverted or depraved tastes

—all the products of the same sun men, animals, and plants should live and die together—all transplanted or artificial products are but monstrous alliances.

I will sum up what I mean. A man whose taste is not depraved being given, tell me what tobacco he smokes, and I will tell you what countryman he is.

The question, therefore, of the best tobacco, is but a question of latitude.



CHAPTER V.

OF THE CIGAR AND CIGARETTE.



OF all the various ways in which tobacco is used in England, none has made a more striking advance within the last few years than cigars. However much this form of the plant may be used in Spain, and in the tropical regions of America, it was till a few years ago scarcely known in England, except to the higher class of smokers; but now, every stripling who is just shooting up into manhood, thinks a cigar indispensable as a symbol whereby the world may know that he has at length become a man. And lest this important piece of information should not be diffused widely enough by his remaining within doors, he exercises his new vocation in the open street.

The rate of duty on foreign cigars is so enormous, (nine shillings in the pound, about sixteen or eighteen times the real value of the leaf,) that the quantity imported from abroad is very small compared with that of tobacco in the leaf. This rate of duty, therefore, has given rise to an extensive home manufacture of cigars.

The cigar is the original matter reduced to itself—at its extremities fire and water. A light pressure of the lips draws the smoke, and the mucous membranes are softly excited by the juice of the tobacco, which mixes with the saliva. It is necessary, therefore, that the leaf should be well rolled. The cigar ought to smoke without effort or trouble, for the which it should be free from knotty intricacies, firm and compact, and should be nice and dry without being brittle. And were it not that I am under the fear of being charged with an aristocratic tendency, I would recommend the smoker who can afford it always to lay in a stock of cigars, and expose them to the air so as to get rid of their excess of moisture, and to impart to the tobacco a perfect aroma. A fresh cigar is never good—it requires to be made—it is perfect when it is touched by mites. Manufacturers know this; for by means of acids, they fabricate those little seductive specks which are so fascinating to the smoker. A good cigar, no matter what its name, should burn with a clear, steady, equal light, and leave a firm grey pellet of ashes as it consumes. Held gently between the fore and middle finger, there is but little necessity for leaving the cigar to more than the occasional embrace of even the lips; but under

no circumstances should it be consigned to the harsh imprisonment of the teeth. It should recal the recollection of honest Isaac Walton's worm, and be used "as though you loved it;" not compelled to endure remorseless puffing, or left to the indignity of self-expiring. A cigar once out, is never worth the pains of re-illumining.

I know that there are some men who only love forbidden fruit, and who from the very spirit of contradiction pay through the nose for what are called smuggled cigars. Any man who has this mania may easily gratify it, for there are hosts of the genus *Duffer* to be found in London streets who will take him in to his heart's content. No! no! If you want anything of the kind, lay in for yourself, in the cheap season, a stock of lettuce leaves,—steep them well into tobacco water, and wash them with a little saltpetre, and there you have the ingredients for a smuggled cigar at your hand.

Whatever cigar you do smoke, to whichever kind your affections tend, above all things have nothing but the best of the kind. Each and all have their admirers and advantages. In warm weather, or within the house, the Havannah is certainly the best; unless it be that you are in a dreamy mood, when there is nothing like a Manilla. In the open air, or in winter, a rich dark Principe is an especial favourite with me; but outside a coach, or during a cold midnight walk home, a glorious Cheroot of Chinsurah is the thing to warm a smoker's heart and gladden his eyes. But of all things

remember, that cheap cigars, like every other thing cheap, are dearest in the end.

This, perhaps, more particularly applies to Cubas, which are by divers persons deemed cheap smoking. Reader! take my advice,—never buy a Cuba, save at a first-rate shop, for it is absolutely frightful to contemplate the amount of naughtiness committed in this metropolis in the fabrication of spurious Cubas, which are vended to low tobacconist's and chandler's-shops; and if you really delight in a Cuba, purchase the Yaras, which are made of the same leaf as the Principe.

We come next to the Cigarette, whose very denomination, with its diminutive termination, sufficiently denotes its character. The cigarette is much used in Spain and France, but in this country it is rarely had recourse to, save by foreign visitors. It consists merely of tobacco rolled up in a portion of thin paper, and the paper usually employed is first steeped in a weak solution of saltpetre. The cigarette is certainly genteel and sprightly—pleasant to look upon. There is something piquant in its external form—it is what the French would call the *grisette* of smokers. But it has its faults—it soon expires,—there is nothing substantial in it,—it is out before you have thoroughly got the taste in your mouth,—it is, in fact, the pastry of smoking compared to the pipe, which may be called the substantial beef. It makes your thumb and fore-finger too yellow, and they look as if you had been picking walnuts all day. To the young smoker they are invaluable, for

they are the means by which he will be enabled to overcome the obstacles to his career. The Spanish paper necessary for the purpose, may be had at most tobacconists. A pinch of Maryland is placed within a square slip of paper, and rolled within its fragile envelope; the light is applied, and nothing is left to be done but to smoke.



CHAPTER VI.

ADVICE TO YOUNG SMOKERS.



YOUNG MAN, who as yet dost not smoke, but who art actuated by a noble emulation, and who longest to follow in the steps of your ancestors, my sympathy is

enlisted in your behalf, and I would fain facilitate your study of this difficult art; the first steps towards the acquirement of which are accompanied unfortunately by diabolical headaches, and fearful weakness of stomach. I know that boldness and perseverance, despite of all obstacles, are the attributes of great minds; but I would advise you not to be rash—take the word of a friend, and don't venture at first on a pipe—no, nor even on a cigar,—your organs are too delicate to bear it, and all the courage in the world is utterly useless against sickness. It is with the cigarette that you should commence. The cigarette has but little strength—it can do you no harm. The odour of the burning paper corrects the piquant flavour of the tobacco; and then, when the delicate membranes of the mouth are somewhat accustomed to the warmth, and the fibres of the brain begin to be less disturbed by the smoke, pass on —— to the cigar? No; from the cigarette to the cigar the distance is still too great,—and spite of a similarity of names, a wide gulf separates them. No; take one of those insignificant little pipes, whose capacity is small, and whose taste is but vague and undefined—a small glass pipe, for example. Read my chapter on Pipes, and, progressing step by step, you will ultimately reach the pipe, par excellence; and you will no longer be an incipient, but a true smoker.

“Happy mortal, he who knows
Pleasure which a pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.”

But how many obstacles are there to be conquered,—what time must elapse,—what a vast amount of study is necessary, before you can call yourself a true smoker. Read and meditate. The true smoker is not he who is always smoking, he is a glutton. The true smoker takes his own time, and smokes at proper hours. It is not he who decorates his walls with numbers of pipes which he never uses. Vain and ridiculous display! The faithful dog has but one master—the true friend but one friend—the real smoker smokes but from one pipe. He may possess others, it is right that he should do so ; but they are for his friends, or in case his pipe breaks. When such a misfortune occurs, the true smoker does not fly into a passion—he does not swear—he does not cry out,—he weeps and —picks up the pieces. But this accident never occurs to himself ; he never breaks his pipe, it is broken for him. The pipe of the true smoker (the artistic smoker) once fixed between his canine teeth, never moves ; it forms a part of his jaw. To avoid distraction, he speaks but little ; and yet he does not like to smoke alone, but he is careful not to admit into his circle any but men of merit, consummate practitioners. He settles himself so as to spit as little as possible, and when he does spit he spits well,—none of those false ejections, which alight on his own clothes or his friend's boots. No, he spits directly into his spittoon. And never will you see him remove his pipe from his mouth, to observe the progress of the tobacco within the bowl,—he is too sure of it ; and, without looking, he feels it, and applies his tobacco stopper accordingly.

But, above all things, let it be understood, that there is a vast difference between the true smoker, and the mere colourer of pipes ; the former is the artist, the latter the mere mechanic. For a hundred mere pipe colourers, you have but one true smoker.

Young Man, whose eyes glance over these pages, let your ambition be, that you may rank in so noble a fraternity.



CHAPTER VII.

OF THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD PIPE, AND OF
PIPES IN GENERAL.

IN commencing my discourse on Pipes, I cannot refrain from quoting, by way of preface, the following lovely —

ODE TO A PIPE.

“ Little tube of mighty power—
Charmer of an idle hour—
Object of my warm desire—
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the cricket's gay—
Little crickets full of play,
Can afford his tube to feed,
With the fragrant Indian weed.
Pleasure for a nose divine—
Incense of the god of wine ;
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

As of all tobaccos shag is the queen, so is a fine, well-made, full-bowled, straw clay, the king of all pipes ; whether it be that you prefer to change it frequently or choose to use it well, and so colour it thoroughly. Above all things, it has this one great advantage over all others, of being made in a single piece—there is no impediment to its drawing—the air never gets admission into it—and you never have the trouble of those constant repairs required by all other varieties where the tube is not a fixture. If broken short, you can put it in your pocket, carry it with you in your out-of-town rambles, or enjoy it as you saunter along on your horse. When well coloured, to my taste, there is nothing to equal it ; even a meerschaum, which requires so much time, does not, after three months' use, possess so mild and excellent a flavour, as a thoroughly good clay pipe acquires in a week. And then within doors it is a perfect delight, a thorough piece of beauty.

Let it be understood, that when I speak of clay pipes, I have not the slightest intention of praising those

wretched abortions, which are made of clay, and intended to imitate a cigar, and which are frequently to be observed marked up at a penny or three-half-pence ; nor those painted follies, whose bowls represent Jim Crows or Punches ; nor those trumpet-looking things, where the tube is curled into six or seven contortions ; nor those outrageously long animals, which are in every sense of the word yards of clay, and which it is utterly impossible to keep for more than a week without breaking ; and the constant fear of such an accident must disturb that equanimity of mind which should be the result of smoking. All such monstrosities bespeak a depraved taste, and a really serious smoker will never degrade himself by having recourse to them. No, no ! again I say, the true, well-made, full-bowled straw, is the only clay pipe for your true smoker. And this reminds me of the advice of a brother smoker, one of the right class, which is to soak the pipes thoroughly in spring water, for at least four-and-twenty hours. They should then be removed from the water, and allowed to dry slowly in the open air ; they will now be cool and pleasantly porous for smoking. The chemical change that has been going on rendering their absorbent properties greater ; and, in fact, by destroying the excess of lime, causing them very closely to approximate in character to a true meerschäum.

The oriental pipe with its appurtenances which look as though they had been borrowed from a chemist's labora-

tory, is no great favourite of mine, highly praised as it has been by travellers. No, there is something cold and insipid about smoke that has been made to pass through water or rose water,—it has no action on the palate, none on the brain. It is not smoke—it is but the ghost of smoke.

As for those red earthen pipes, of all shapes and sizes—round, square, or octagonal—they possess, it must be confessed, a something mild and tranquillizing, which is at first very fascinating. With them there is not, as in the meerschaum, the trouble of a long preparation, they are pleasant from the very first. But unlike meerschaum and clay pipes, in proportion as you smoke them they become clogged and plugged up; the oil of the tobacco is not absorbed into the interior, through the pores, but coagulates on the surface. It is an apt resemblance to those easily formed friendships, whose ardour is apparent only at a first interview, but which are never lasting. The heart is hard, and it is but a surface impression. Have nothing to do with red earthen pipes.

The same remarks hold good in reference to the porcelain pipe, it does not imbibe the oil of the tobacco, age and use do not improve it; and, as a consequence of this impenetrability, you are constantly obliged to clean it. A smoker ought not to be a bottle or a bowl washer: a porcelain pipe is utterly useless to him.

As for those fantastical pipes of horn, of carved wood, of the roots and branches of trees, of cocoa nut, which are imported from Switzerland, Leipsic, and Miremberg, I unhesitatingly throw them out of my catalogue. Let them be hung around your walls, let them be preserved as you would retain the remembrance of a bad joke, but as to thinking of using them—never ! These articles of curiosity may certainly be admitted into a smoker's museum ; but, then, you don't smoke out of a curiosity, any more than you walk about the streets with a helmet of the time of the Black Prince on your head, or your feet encased in boots of the period of Charles the Second.

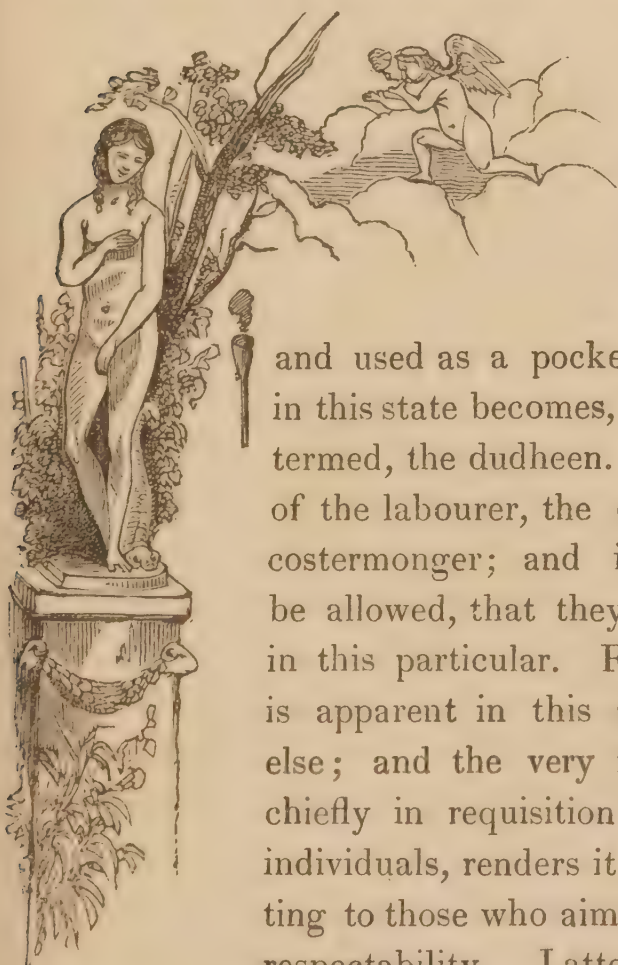
It only remains for me to say a word or two about the gigantic pipe, about the pipe which holds a quarter of a pound, half-a-pound, or a pound of tobacco. There are such things in Germany, aye, and even in Paris ; as yet they have not reached us. I have seen some which might rather be called tobacco *pots* than pipes ; and yet they are nothing to a regular model of a monster pipe, which a friend of mine saw, with his own eyes, in the deserts of America. It was the pipe of the tribe of the Oyatopokes. It remained lighted night and day, was filled with a kind of indigenous herb, which served them instead of tobacco. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty of these sons of the desert in rotation insert their long tubes, with which they are provided, into the numberless holes which are bored in its sides. I cannot un-

derstand how any one can go to Rome to see a parcel of stones, and to be tanned by the sun ; but I can comprehend the utility of a voyage to America, if it were only to see the pipe of the tribe of the Oyatopokes ! !



CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE DUDHEEN & MEERSCHAUM IN PARTICULAR.



HAVE already observed in the former chapter, that the clay pipe may be broken short,

and used as a pocket companion, and in this state becomes, what is familiarly termed, the dudheen. It is the delight of the labourer, the dustman, and the costermonger; and it certainly must be allowed, that they show their taste in this particular. Fashion, however, is apparent in this as in everything else; and the very fact of its being chiefly in requisition by this class of individuals, renders it generally uninviting to those who aim at what is called respectability. Latterly the dudheen

has come much into use amongst medical students; but as they are generally the last people in the world

whose habits are followed, I fear that the dudheen is now completely thrown into the shade. Whenever you observe a woman smoking, it is invariably the dudheen which is selected as the instrument of enjoyment ; and I have often paused in my rambles, to observe the zest with which one of Eve's fair daughters inhales the fragrant vapour, and combines pleasure with business,—that is to say, smokes and sells apples or fish, at one and the same time.

Of all pipes, however, the meerschaum is the best. It is, without question, the finest bowl from which to inhale the balmy weed ; but the difficulty and expense attendant on the possession of a good one, and all others are utterly worthless, should make the smoker cautious in his selection. Meerschaum is a species of clay composed principally of silica and magnesia, carbonic acid and water. It is soft and porous ; and, in the finest specimens, is almost transparent, when properly prepared. Indeed, we have seen many genuine meerschaum bowls, through which the glow of the burning tobacco can readily be seen. The best specimens are from the pits of the Crimea, in Asia Minor. It is dug up near Konii, on Natolia, and near Caffa, in the peninsula of the Heracleote. By the Tartars it is called, “ Keff Kil,” which appellation is derived from two Turkish words, signifying foam, or froth of the sea ; the reason of this designation is, that the workmen assert, that after having been dug away, it forms again, puffing itself up like froth. Its sale supports a monastery of Dervises,

near the place where it is found. When fresh dug it is of the consistence of wax, and when thrown on the fire it sweats—emits a fetid vapour—becomes hard and perfectly white, or yellowish white. There are many rascally imitations of meerschaum fabricated from plaster of Paris and wax, and sold as genuine to the unwary. If it be asked, How is the youthful smoker to discover the fraud?—all I can advise, is, that he go to a respectable tradesman, and he will rarely find himself deceived.

The great beauty of a meerschaum is the colour to which it ultimately attains. To procure this colour in the greatest perfection, is a matter of some difficulty. The bowl should be wrapped round with a bit of wash-leather, and after every day's smoking it should be examined to see the progress of the colouring. Occasionally it will occur, that there are spots of white left, that is to say, that it does not cover gradually or uniformly; to remedy this, the white spot should be carefully touched with a piece of virgin wax. And it is moreover advisable, that the whole of the tobacco should not, at first at least, be smoked out; about a third part of it being left unburnt, nor should the bowl be again filled before it is thoroughly cooled.

Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, and Americus Vesputius, who followed him, gave his name to it. Here Columbus was done; and when they reflect on this matter, Daguerre and Talbot, two savants of our day, ought to rejoice that they still possess the merit of their discoveries in Photography, which are

allowed to bear their names. But what can be said of the unfortunate Kummer, who discovered the model pipe—the porous pipe, and who died with the consciousness of his immortality, and the knowledge of the good he had done. The French have corrupted the pipe of Kummer, into the pipe of the *Ecume de mer*; and we rarely ever hear of the name of Kummer, certainly not in reference to his great discovery. It appeared natural that the earth having produced its pipe, the sea should also produce hers; and I am somewhat astonished that none of the members of our kid-glove school of poetry should not have consecrated some stanzas to the mythological tradition of the meerschaum-pipe, being fabricated out of the sea foam. This is a wrinkle for poets.

But, alas! the gods of the ancients have long since fled. Love neglects his mother and smokes his pipe. What a falling off!



CHAPTER IX.

OF TOBACCO—CONSIDERED IN AN ARTISTICAL, LITERARY, AND MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW, AND ITS GENERAL EFFICACY.

ARTISTICAL.



THE first condition necessary to be a painter or sculptor, is not to engage deeply in study at the academy — nor to endeavour to understand

the line of beauty—not to draw from the living model—not to comprehend the use of colours. A man must know how to smoke! There can be no success without the pipe. And this science is so necessary, so absorbing, that oftentimes it happens that the artist devotes himself entirely to it; and at the end of fifteen year's hard study, he is a perfect colourer—of pipes!

I might name a great number of unknown men, whose pictures I have never seen, but whose ardent genius I have recognized in their well and artistically coloured meerschaums. Happy are these great artists—these great philosophers; they are ignorant of the trouble and annoyance of planning out a picture. All their paintings are in their own minds. They see them—they delight in them—they can praise them, and leave to their friends all the horrors of the critical remarks of connoisseurs or newspaper reporters. For a time this is all very well, it is true; but years glide away—the boy becomes a man, and the student should become an artist. I have often wondered what was the ultimate fate of such men; indeed it was but the other day that I asked this question aloud of one of my friends, with whom I was walking in the street—“They became pipe-colourers!” exclaimed a voice behind me. I turned round, and behold the portrait of him upon whom my eye rested——



From him I learned what was the nature of this noble profession. You love smoking, and you have no money—you go to a first-rate tobacconist whom you know, and you ask him for one, two, or three pipes, as the case may be, and enough tobacco to transform them from new pipes to perfect pipes. The bargain is made. The workman or the artist takes home his work, after having thoroughly enjoyed his tobacco, and the tradesman does not want for buyers, who for a few shillings enjoy the satisfaction of having their pipe admired by connoisseurs, while they give out that it was their own efforts that thus coloured it. Miserable vanity—culpable idleness ! It is thus that amateur painters buy pictures, to which they append their own initials—it is thus that amateur sportsmen buy the fish or game, they cannot catch or shoot.

LITERARY.

Romanists, poets, authors of tragedy or comedy, farcists, and philosophical disquisitionists, smoke as much as you can, for coffee and spiritous liquors are no longer considered as of use to inspire the brain. The muses have put on mourning for them ; and if they still dance with Apollo, it ought to be in a kind of polka, with their pipes in their mouths. I know a literary man, and without doubt one of the most clever in his walk, who not wishing to be behind his era,

worked harder to learn to smoke than ever he did in the production of a three-volumed novel. He would have given away all his critical acumen—all his fancy—all his good sense to have been able to smoke like any of the peasantry of the green island. I took him in pity under my tuition, and I made a smoker of him; since that time his talent has increased wonderfully—his imagination has done wonders, and he has now settled down to his proper sphere. Before, he wandered in a state of incertitude, amidst all kinds of writing, all styles, and he had all manner of desires. Now he has but two—to write and to smoke, but first to smoke. In this strife, which appeared almost unnatural, love itself was conquered. All glory to tobacco !

MEDICAL.

But to conquer love is nothing—to conquer disease and death how great is the triumph. See our young disciples of Esculapius of the old fashion. Without having recourse to Gannal or his disinfecting process—without casting around them rivers of chlorine-water, they dissect, and carve, and handle the dead body which the very maggots dispute with them. Their preservative is the pipe !



When the cholera was here, it was nothing but tobacco which could save—it destroyed the pestilential vapours ; and even were the plague, which has carried off at times two-thirds of the human race, to come, we could defy it.

DENTITION.

As there is no fire without smoke, and no smoke which does not leave traces of its passage, it has been argued, that the mouth is exactly like a chimney ; and that the enamel of the teeth, altered by the exhalation of the tobacco, cannot well be restored to its natural tint. This is an error. If there be any truth in homœopathy, it is proved by this. What tobacco does, tobacco undoes, and this is the way ——

ECONOMICAL TOOTH POWDER.

Put carefully aside the ashes of your cigars, and when you have smoked five hundred of them, you will be the possessor of a real treasure, in the shape of a dentrifice. If you add to it a third part of powdered charcoal, and a third part of myrrh, the receipt will be a perfect one. I have tried it, and I know it.

But the virtue of tobacco and its miraculous ash does not stop at the teeth. It is equally useful to the gums; and I know a friend of mine, a distinguished barrister, who was wonderfully relieved by it. Scurvy of the gums is a general name, which disguises many diseases of altogether a different family; and of all vegetables, tobacco, smoked or chewed, is that which is the most efficacious against its fearful ravages.

In the combats which we have to sustain with those animals in a hundred forms—with a hundred different names, who attack our bodies in a hundred different ways—who fix upon their prey and never quit it, but die surrounded by the trophies of their victories—but die in multiplying—tobacco is our sovereign remedy. It is the destruction of all insects.

DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

One of my friends, who is well acquainted with ancient history, and who is one of the most celebrated members of the Antiquarian Society, told me, that if Narcissus, the beautiful Narcissus, had always had a cigar in his mouth, he would not have died so young. For my part, I don't understand him.



CHAPTER X.

TOBACCO AND MISERY.

PLAY, that great rank-destroyer, has been driven from amongst us. Rouge et Noire and French Hasard have fled, and pitched their tents in other lands. Lotteries, those deceiving speculations, which occasionally made persons suddenly rich, while it ruined hundreds of others, have taken shelter in Italy and Germany. All the airy castles which the poor man could erect from these things in other times, are snatched away from him—the stern realities of an every-day-world have set their seal upon them for ever. Excitement and evil passions are no longer roused. Day follows day without any change, and this horrible monotony threatens to annihilate the social compact. Fortunately, however, there is tobacco—tobacco the glory of the world,—and still more fortunately tobacco is cheap, or I know not what would be the consequence. Now the poor man may get his half ounce of tobacco, and with a little clay pipe he may soon procure himself the most intense enjoyments—

hunger and thirst are forgotten—misery is relieved—sorrow no longer thought of—the mind, the immortal mind, soars away from the clod in which it is imprisoned—dreams of beauty, and joy, and prosperity—of rich heiresses and wealthy dowagers—of parks and manors, and castellated mansions float before the mental vision—and the whole man is wrapt in a

“Loving languor which is not repose.”

While on this subject, there is another point which has often struck me forcibly, and which I may as well mention ; and that is, that tobacco,

“Like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd’s crook
Beside the sceptre.”

There is nothing else, that I know of, that does so as effectually. I do remember that it has been said, that in the eye of the law there is no respect for persons ; but this is one of those fictions which is all very well in theory, but not quite so correct in reality. I have observed everything most minutely, and I see nothing in society, as at present organized, which carries out to such an extent the principle of universal equality. Tobacco is equality itself. It is here that the field-marshal and the private—the judge and the turnkey—the minister and the government messenger—the peer and the peasant, meet on the same ground, obey the same instincts, and are exactly in the same condition.

The man who smokes is the equal of the man who smokes ; this will never be contradicted by any one who knows what smoking is. In Spain, for example, there is no aristocracy in smoking ; there the poorest labourer, meeting the first grandee, will say to him, "A light ;" and the reply will be, "Take it." The rich have their clubs—their hotels—their boxes at the theatre or opera—their vehicles ; follow them where you will, and you will everywhere see them separated from the poor, and if anywhere there is actual contact, you will find that there is a mutual repulsion. But the rich and the poor meet without any astonishment in tobacconist's shops. In the finest cigar divan you will find the exquisite purchasing his Havannah close to the dustman investing his three-halfpence in half-an-ounce of Shag.

I know not what can be the still small voice that whispers to them that they are there equal, but so it is ; the dandy does not despise the hodman, and the chimney-sweep's rags are not sneered at by the wearer of superfine Saxony, or velvet collars. It is incontestible that a dinner at Long's Hotel is better than a cold collation of a penny loaf and a saveloy—a pair of boots is decidedly better than naked feet—and there must certainly be more pleasure in lounging comfortably in a private box than being crushed and elbowed in the shilling gallery. But at the tobacconist's, the man who purchases a pennyworth of Shag, and the individual who buys a pound of Havannahs, carry away with them the same sources of enjoyment ; and when I say the same, I am even speaking partially of the

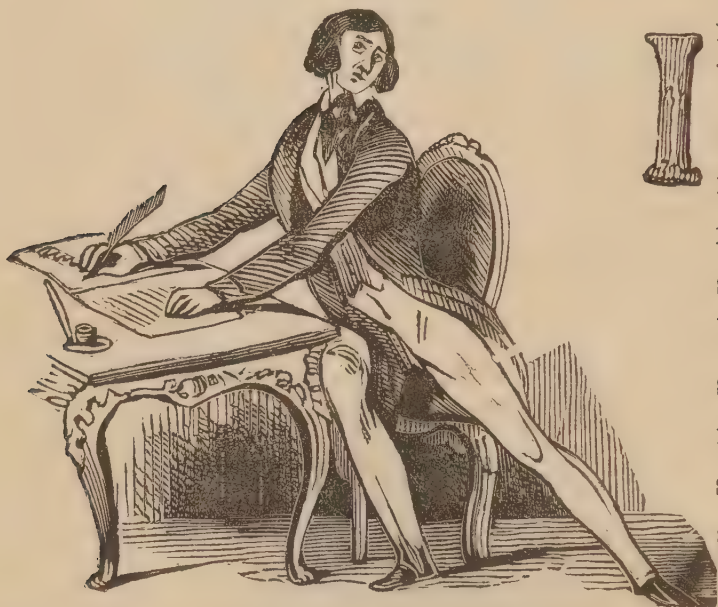
cigarist ; for, as I have already said, the smoker who knows anything of the art, will always choose Shag tobacco. Now tell me, you who would doubt if you could, if there be anything which tends more to place men on an equality than this desire, common to all of us, and gratified by all in the same way. It may be objected, that there are many other things which do the same. Nonsense—trash ; there are, certainly, but mystery or secrecy hangs around them. Tobacco never needs concealment—it is smoked in the face of heaven and earth ; darkness becomes it not,—it has no savour in obscurity. Depend upon it tobacco is the only leveller of ranks.



SMOKING AND SMOKERS.

CHAPTER XI.

REVERIES CONCERNING TOBACCO.



If I had been Robinson Crusoe, before I fashioned myself an umbrella, I should have made myself a pipe; and I feel certain that

Alexander Selkirk, the veritable Robinson, did think of it the first day. But in the time of poor Daniel Defoe, the literature of smoking had not been thought of,—he himself did not understand the yearning after tobacco — a grave omission, which destroys all the illusion of his book; and I am rather astonished that critics have never noticed this glaring error.

The Sybarites of old, who reclined on beds of roses, were yawning from morning till night, and were actually

reduced to the necessity of constantly examining the rose leaves to see whether they were or were not wrinkled—from mere want of employment. They would not have thought of it if they had had the wit to smoke them, for tobacco was not then in existence.

French tradition asserts, that the Wandering Jew was always possessed of five sous, and that whatever he did with these five sous it was always miraculously replenished. Now the moment tobacco came into common use, he was always sure of an ounce of tobacco, for five sous in France is exactly its price. He could smoke at his ease on every highway—could walk with a light step, and never need ask or wait for change. For this reason it is, I believe, that the Wandering Jew, who in former times was always being seen, has never been heard of since smoking came into fashion.

“I leave to you my wife and my pipe,” wittily remarked Gavarni; and he adds, “Be particularly careful of my pipe.” So goes the world. Reader! draw your own conclusions.

It is a curious fact, that tobacco is equally availing in winter and summer—in spring and autumn,—but curious as it is, it is no less true—

“When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus’ ire;

When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn—youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.”

I have often laughed at the many discussions which I have heard about the franchise, universal suffrage, etc. I know a plan which would be far superior to all that have yet been proposed. It will be allowed, I suppose, that the man who contributes mostly to the taxes, is the individual who has the greatest right of being represented. If this be the case, and I should like to meet with any one who would deny it, then let the right of voting depend upon a man's consumption of tobacco. When he can produce certificates of having spent ten pounds in the weed, and so paid the greater part of that sum to the State, he ought to be allowed to vote. I expect a pension for this plan.

In these days, when it is a matter of complaint with dramatists, that there is nothing new for them to exercise their calling, I should suggest that a little Comedy, the moral of which should be the advantages of smoking to the community, would be successful. And perhaps to enhance its merit, and to ensure its success, the heroine should be made to smoke. Breeches parts have had their day, and I know of nothing but smoking on the stage as a novelty for an actress. Depend upon it she would be the rage amongst men of fashion.

I have an idea of a little Drama of the kind.

In the first act, the heroine should mysteriously leave her guardian's house, to learn smoking with a male cousin. From a similarity of taste, of course a mutual affection springs up. At the end of the act they are discovered. General surprise! Tableau.

In the second act, she must smoke cigars like a little man as she is.

In the third act, a rupture takes place between her and her lover, for the reason that he has offered her a fictitious meerschaum.

In the fourth act, she smokes, drinks coffee, and sings pretty little songs in praise of tobacco.

In the fifth act, she receives a huge legacy from an old batchelor, an inveterate smoker, who admires her taste, she pardons her lover, invites a smoking party, etc. Grand chorus of smokers. Finale.

There,—Any manager offering 100,000 Havannahs, my manuscript is his.

I love Diogenes. In the brutal world of antiquity—so devoted to outward appearances—so fond of despising the misery of others, there was something noble in the man who stemmed the torrent of custom—who rendered his rags more admired than the robes of princes. The example of that satirical wit who tore asunder, like a dog of spirit as he was, the empty pretensions of the rich and powerful, was then a lesson of great price, of which the world has since taken advantage. Diogenes was a great philosopher—far greater, to my thinking,

than Thales and Pythagoras, who sought to discover whether the world was made by fire or water, and whether the moon was as big as a green cheese.

In our days, certain gents have endeavoured to restore the philosophy of Diogenes. But the philosopher's trade is now useless, since with a halfpenny pipe and a quarter-of-an-ounce of tobacco, the very rag-picker may procure for himself whole hours of contemplation—happy dreams—delicious reveries. And therefore as the rag-picker can transform himself into a philosopher, the philosopher has no need to turn himself into a rag-picker.

Poor Rousseau—poor Chatterton—the French and English poets—that calm which they sought for all their lives and never found—an ounce of tobacco would have given them. Rousseau or Chatterton, as smokers, would have been true philosophers, and would not have ended with suicide.



CHAPTER XII.

OF THE PIPE AS A MEANS OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.



I once saw a little picture, but I cannot now call to mind its author, which represented the interior of a school in Turkey. The master was represented as smoking his pipe in calm meditation. Now this was all very well for him, but not so pleasant for the pupils. Certainly not,—and England, whose boast it is to be the foremost in civilization, ought to rectify this. An act of the legislation should be passed, according the privilege of smoking, both to professors and pupils. By this means, the barrier which now separates them would be broken down—the master

would regard his pupils with complacency—the pupils would look up to him with calm respect—and tobacco, that whimsical narcotic, which gives repose to man without producing drowsiness, would open the pores of intelligence, and close the door to evil passions.

Would it be possible for a true smoker to have recourse to the birch? No! indignantly we repel even the insinuation. No lover of the fragrant weed could be a bum-brusher.



CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW MAXIMS FOR SMOKERS.

Smoke, mortals, and don't spit.

Time makes love fly,
Love makes time fly,
Tobacco makes them both fly.

The man that would live, should smoke,—
The man that smokes, will live.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR IS SAD.

* * * * *

* * * * *

And so he says nothing, but takes his pipe.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF HIS PIPE, THE AUTHOR
EXPERIENCES A DESIRE TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE
OF THE GODS.



AFTER mature reflection, I have
determined to speak the lan-
guage of the Gods, through
the mouth of the immortal
Lord Byron.

* * * * *

* * * * *

“And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher—
Sublime Tobacco ! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar’s labours, or the Turkman’s rest,—
Which on the Moslem’s ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand ;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp’d with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties——Give me a cigar !”

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR INDULGES IN THE CLASSICS.

TOBACCO!

Brother of Bacchus, later born !
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant ! only thou
His true Indian conquest art ;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume,
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain—
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell—
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys ;
Or for greener damsels meant—
Thou art the only manly scent.



CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR BECOMES SATIRICAL.



TO THOSE, who, without the love of smoke in their souls, dare to level the shafts of their little wit against the glorious weed, I will not deign, for my own part, to say

one word. But I will quote a poem from one of the brave old English poets, and leave the words to wither the hearts of the smokeless wretches of the world :—

“ Flint-breasted Stoics! you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature’s too affected fashion
Or travel in the regent walk of passion ;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast, and lose with smiles and tears ;

Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
 A new-found vanity, which days of old
 Ne'er knew; a vanity that has beset
 The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet;
 That has condemned us to the servile yoke
 Of slavery, and made us slaves of smoke.
 But stay, why tax I thus our modern times
 For new-blown follies, and for newborn crimes?
 Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
 No! they were smoked, and slaved as well as we.
 What's sweet-lipt honour's blast, but smoke? What's treasure
 But very smoke—and what more smoke than pleasure?
 Alas! they're all but shadows—fumes and blasts;—
 That vanishes—this fades—the other wastes.
 The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it
 Like morning vapours vanish in a minute;
 The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke,
 A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke."

And if this be not enough to quiet the babblers
 against the precious weed, I will add one more extract,
 which I think will complete my triumph :—

✓ "Critics avaunt—tobacco is my theme,
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam;
 And you court insects—flutter not too near
 Its light, nor buzz within its scorching sphere.
 Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
 So shall the muse, with smoke elicit fire;
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff,
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.
 Lord Topling smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
 Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town.

But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter.
Its foes but show their ignorance, can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink,
She will not smoke, ye gods, but she will drink ;
And chaste Prudella—blame her if you can—
Says—pipes are used by that vile creature man.
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
For some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame—
Fame, of our actions, universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—everything.”

There ! railers against tobacco, put that in your
pipes and smoke it.



CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR IS EXCEEDINGLY PROFOUND.

Omnia fumus erunt !

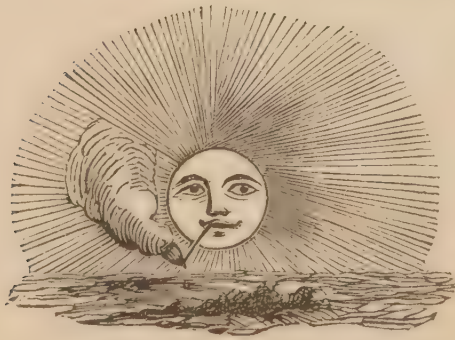


I F there be any reader who cannot comprehend this chapter, he is recommended to apply to any grinder of medical students.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH CONTAINS THE RESULT OF TEN YEARS' HARD
STUDY OF HISTORY.



“THERE is nothing new under the sun.”

CHAPTER XX.



A PROPHECY FOR THE YEAR 1945.

GIFTED with the spirit of prophecy, the author predicts that the immense increase in the revenue for the year 1945, arising from the universal use of tobacco, may be ascertained by reference to ——— the Parliamentary Papers of that date.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUBSCRIPTION PROJECT FOR A STATUE TO
RALEIGH.

I CONSIDER, as one of the most wicked examples of national ingratitude, the profound oblivion in which the venerable and venerated name of Sir Walter Raleigh remains at the present day. When I call upon the nation to erect a monument to him, it is not that I think his mighty shade requires it. I demand it for England herself—for her glory—as some reparation for an injustice which is a stain upon her name. There is among us a great desire to erect monuments to people

who really are nothing to us, whose deeds are perfectly indifferent to us, nay, whose acts we sometimes dislike. Does any great lawyer die, immediately we have a statue erected to his memory. Millions are raised in about the time which it would take to smoke a pound of cigars. Tens, twenties, and fifties roll in, till they swell into an enormous sum. If a little town produce a general who dies, the general has his statue—if a philosopher, a bust at least. But for Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave us tobacco—taught us its use—for him to whom we are indebted for so much enjoyment, to which we can have recourse at any hour—in every place—(with the exception of railroad stations,)—not a memorial—not an obelisk—not one stone raised upon another! For others, bronze or marble, and interminable lists of subscriptions: for him nothing!

If this odious neglect continue much longer, I shall blush at being an Englishman; and to prove my earnestness on the matter, I have devised the following project to redeem our fame with posterity. Let every tobacco-nist throughout the kingdom fix a box at his door, and let every one who enters his shop, as a purchaser, drop a farthing into it. At the end of a year, we should be able to erect to Sir Walter Raleigh—not a statue—not a column—but a temple, a real temple, with bas reliefs around it, and paintings on every wall. The subscription I have proposed would pay for all, without de-

manding one penny from Government, and there would remain over and above enough to grant a magnificent pension to the widow of the author of the project.



CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR INVOKES THE GLORIOUS
BARDS OF HIS COUNTRY.



BARDS of England! Great and glorious geniuses of my country! I beseech, in conclusion, your support. Geniuses who smoked, and you geniuses who did not smoke, shed but a ray of your brightness on the bard, the historian, the advocate, the friend of smoke—that

younger sister of glory—so like to glory herself, that they have of times been mistaken for each other. Be good-natured, geniuses of my country!—fear not compromising your sacred names, by accepting the patronage of this Book. Hold out the hand of friendship to a brother, who makes the first advance to you—for after so brilliant a work, I cannot fail being converted by my admiring countryman into a genius myself.

Readers ! beloved and admiring readers !—for admire you must ;—subscribers to the temple I have proposed, let the statues of the author—the artist—and the publisher of this glorious treatise decorate its walls. To aid you in so praiseworthy a desire, we have given a design for these statues in the frontispiece. And so, with the wish that you may enjoy your pipes in peace, I bid you farewell.



POSTSCRIPT.

By way of warning to all evil-disposed persons, as it is likely enough that numbers of societies—royal or otherwise—desirous as they are of recruiting their ranks from amongst the greatest authors of the day, may make overtures to me, and endeavour to raise the veil of mystery with which I have concealed my name, and to drag me forth from my easy chair—I hereby publicly declare, that my mind is made up on the matter, and that I refuse to join them beforehand. All efforts—all overtures, however flattering, will be useless,—such is my full, firm, and immoveable determination. I have said it! Enough!



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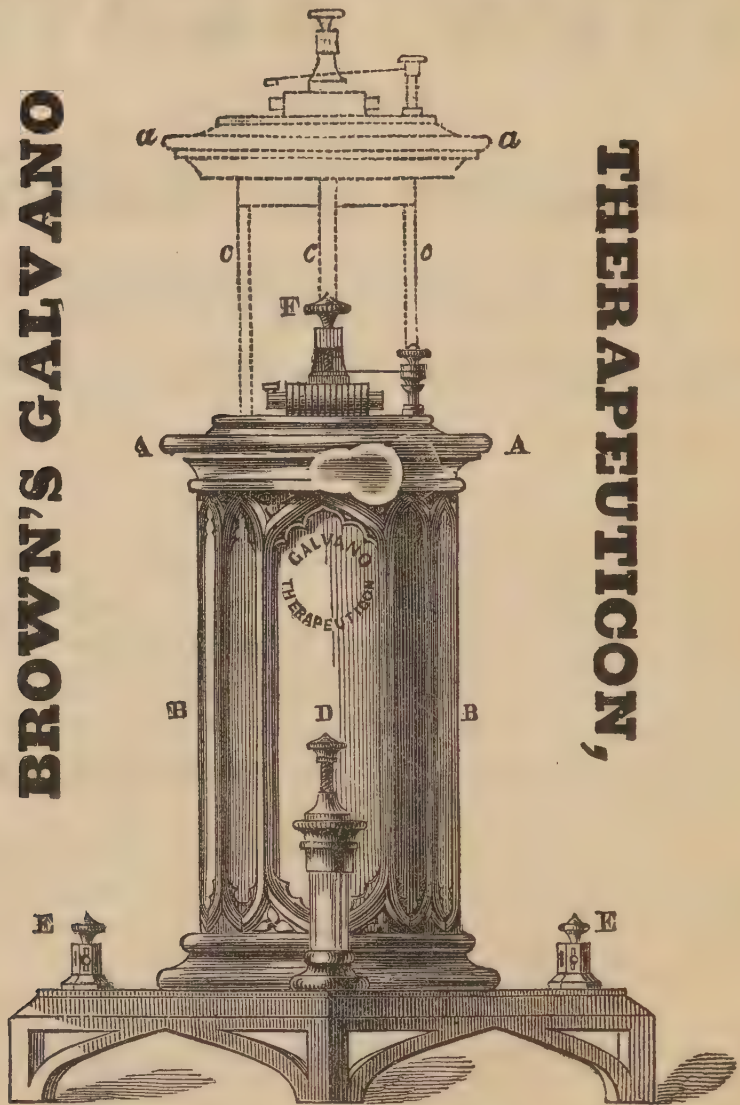
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